

# The Sweetwater Forerunner.

BY FRY & FISHER.

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## The Forerunner.

Sweetwater, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1868

Lieutenant Scott states that, in the recent fight in Texas, among nine persons killed, were five white men painted like Indians.

Dispatches from General Sherman confirm the recent reports regarding Colonel Forsythe's command. They had been rescued, as then stated.

General S. C. Hindman was assassinated at his residence in Helena, Arkansas, on the night of the 27th ultimo. A man named Robins, of Springfield, Mo., who served under Hindman, has been arrested. He denies being the murderer.

The Massachusetts Radicals didn't have the pluck, if they had the disposition, to go back on General Butler. He has been re-nominated for Congress.

A portion of the 12th Infantry has been sent to Alexandria, Virginia. The 29th Regiment, which arrived at Nashville last week, numbers eight hundred men.

A newspaper correspondent says that all the men of eminence can be found in Broadway, New York. John C. Calhoun keeps a dry goods store; Daniel Webster a millinery establishment; Henry Clay, a barber shop; George Washington, a boot store; William C. Bryant, a tailor's establishment; John Bright, a hosiery; Thomas Carlyle, a card printing establishment; Robert Browning a faro bank, and so on to the end.

A singular disease has been discovered among the cattle in Warren county, Iowa. When attacked, the cattle swell under the throat, have the symptoms of being poisoned by a rattlesnake, are perfectly wild, have convulsions, and die in a few hours.

A train on the Virginia Central Railroad, having on board two hundred of the 29th Infantry on their way to Tennessee, ran off the track near Gordonsville on the 29th ultimo. Four were killed and a large number wounded.

The Press and Herald says that the recent frost is reported to have damaged the corn crop heavily. It is something unusual at this late stage of the growth that a frost should affect it. Although on the low lands the frost has not been perceptible, in the mountain country it has cut short the expectations of the farmer. It is said by gentlemen who have been paying attention to the matter, that the corn crop has been cut off one-third.

In Goldsboro', North Carolina, recently, a band of United States colored troops attempted to mob two colored Democratic speakers, but were prevented by white citizens. In a conflict which ensued between colored soldiers and citizen negroes, one on each side was wounded. There is constant excitement, and a general feeling of insecurity on the part of the citizens.

Mr. John Currier, Jr., of Newburyport, Massachusetts, has just launched his eightieth vessel, most of which were ships, and has laid the keel of the eighty-first. He has launched more shipping than any other man in New England.

General John B. Gordon said in his speech to a Democratic meeting at Atlanta, Georgia, the other night, that should Grant be elected and any party North or South endeavor to prevent his inauguration, he, for one, pledged his sword and best services to place him in the Presidential chair. He pointed out the past submission to laws which were considered unconstitutional and an outrage on the rights and interests of the South, as an evidence and a guarantee of their conduct in the future.

## Short Paragraphs.

A Western paper cruelly says: "Our member of Congress has made a great speech—one of his very best. It was written for him by a graduate of this office, and the matter and delivery do credit to both parties."

A coach containing a man and woman, with one trunk on behind, is pleasingly suggestive of matrimony; but a half dozen young ones and several hand-boxes is much more suggestive. There's no mistaking that sign.

A boy who was left alone in a candy shop in the Bowery devoured four pounds of gum drops and came near dying, but by a prompt administration of remedies his life was saved. This should be a warning to little boys not to eat over three pounds and a half of gum drops at one time.

There is a man in Jersey City so mean that he buttons his shirts with wafers. He looks at his money through a magnifying glass. By this means, he says, a ten-cent stamp looks as big as a thousand dollar greenback.

A Western editor requests of his subscribers who owe him more than six years' subscription to send him a lock of their hair so that he may know that they are still living.

A correspondent tells us how to prevent hydrophobia. Spriggins says that he once prevented a severe case of the dreadful malady by simply getting on a high fence and staying there until the dog left.

"A woman is at the bottom of all mischief," said Joe. "Yes," said Frank; "and when I get into mischief my mother is at the bottom of me."

The Boston Transcript prints the following laconic epistles:

"Mr. B—, I see no good reason why your piggs should run in my garden." D—.

"Mr. D—, I see no good reason for your spelling pigs with two g's." B—.

An affected young lady, seated in a rocking chair, reading the Bible, exclaimed: "Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible!"

Mother, lowering her spectacles, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, says: "Kill it! kill it! it is the very thing that has been eating the leaves and the bookmarks."

Bob Brown, did you say that my father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog? No, I never said no such a thing. I never said that your father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog. All I said was that Billy's little yellow dog had more sense than your father: that's all I ever said. Well, it's well for you you didn't say the other, I tell you.

An old bachelor says the most difficult part of surgery is to take the jaw out of a woman.

The old gentleman who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

"I've got no hoops on this morning," observed Clara. "How is it you don't sing, then?" asked cousin John. "What do you mean, stupid?" "Why, if there are no hoops the staves are liable to come out, you know."

It's rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one rood, a single foot, properly applied, is often sufficient to make one civil.

"Is there any danger of the bo-constrictor biting?" asked a visitor of a zoological showman. "Not the least," replied the showman; "he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

Some time since a gentleman died in the town of X, who, during life, refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his demise, his wife received through a medium a communication, which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes."

Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," said one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?" "Yes, and I've got a family you can't match—seven boys and one girl." "I can match it, exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy!"

"What's that picture on?" said a countryman, in our hearing, the other day, in a print store, to the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings.

"That sir," said the dealer, "is Joshua commanding the sun to stand still."

"Du tell! Well, which is Josh and which is his son?"

A man with a very large bald head was complimented on the fact that his cap was analogous to Greenland. "Why so?" he asked. "Because it is a great white bare place," was the reply.

A boy entered a stationary store the other day, and asked the proprietor what kind of pens he sold. "All kinds," was the reply. "Well, then, I'll take three cents' worth of pig pens."

A wag on being asked what he had for dinner, replied, "A lean wife and the ruin of man for sauce." His dinner consisted of a spare rib and apple sauce.

## Killing of Dempsey.

In our local column, says the Knoxville Whig, of last week, will be found a synopsis of the evidence in the trial of Stewart Nelson, for the killing of William Dempsey. Every one will justify the killing, as in self-defence, however much the fatal rencontre may be deplored. And we know that young Nelson and his friends as sincerely regret it as the friends of the young man who lost his life.

When not under the influence of liquor, Dempsey is said to have been an orderly, well-behaved young man; but when drinking, or drunk, he bears the character of being reckless and dangerous, and Nelson, when he shot, had every reason to believe that his life would be taken.

Mr. Nelson is a son of Hon. T. A. R. Nelson, and a kind-hearted, worthy young man.

## Radicalism.

One of the Radical candidates for the Legislature in Choctaw county, Mississippi, had a little boy about fifteen years old who fell in love with, and engaged himself to, one of the neighboring girls. His father, learning the facts, hunted the young man up, and finding him at his lady love's house, gave him a good whipping and sent him home. He started on his way, crying, and was met by one of the neighbors who inquired what was the matter. The little fellow replied that his father had whipped him because he wanted to marry.

"Why, son," said the neighbor, "don't care for that—plenty of time in five years for you to marry."

"Yes, but I do care," replied the little fellow, blubbering. "I've got a chance to marry a white gal, now, but the way dad's going on I'll have to marry a nigger."

## Ought to Resign.

Grant still retains the command of the army, with his \$18,000 a year salary. His control over the army is used to advance his election. This makes his continuance to hold his present command a great indecency and a great wrong. It would have been the part of true magnanimity to retire from his military command when he became a candidate for office. No previous military candidate ever held the power. Grant does now to help his own election. His radical friends played into his hands at the last session of Congress by bringing in various bills for reducing the army, but postponing them all till after the next Presidential election. Every officer in the army is thus warned that they must support the military candidate or walk the plank in case he is elected.

## Ritualism in Memphis.

There was published in the Nashville Banner, of September 23d, an article headed "Ritualism in Memphis." It purports to be a card from the Rev. J. H. Rogers, who signed himself Rector of the Church of the Blessed Virgin. On this, Bishop Quintard writes to the Banner as follows: "Will you do me the kindness to state that there is no such organization known, either to the Bishop or the Convention of the Diocese of Tennessee, as the Church of the Blessed Virgin. As for incense, candles on the altar, and gorgeous vestments adorned with precious stones and silver and gold, they are not authorized by the canons or rubrics of the church and we have no such custom."

## Flashes from Prentice.

Brick Pomeroy, General Butler's mortal enemy, is said to be writing the General's life. We presume that he writes it with the sharpened end of a spoon-handle.

Brownlow and his friends are very much afraid that General Forrest will be after them. Every forest in the State should be after them in the shape of canes and switches.

They talk about General Grant's "electricity." There is more electricity in a black cat's back in a cold night than in his whole stolid nature.

General Butler is watching the ship of State, but he wishes her to go two ways at once so that he can keep both eyes upon her.

The negroes of the Georgia Legislature a few days ago made a motion that encountered no opposition. It was their last and best.

Forney says that the radicals have "monster meetings." Their party is a monster—not so much in size as in character.

A large portion of General Grant's route from the Rapidan to the James is said to be still white with the skulls of his men. He might have gone by water without trouble or loss, but he preferred to skull his way by land.

In New Kent County, Virginia, last week, Mrs. Stewart, a widow, was murdered, and the corpse burnt with the building. John Baker, her farm manager, was also murdered and robbed of five hundred dollars in gold. Several farm houses have recently been burned in the same neighborhood. The military will be sent there.

## PENDLETON. Eloquent Peroration of His Hartford Speech.

The following is the concluding portion of the speech delivered by Mr. Pendleton, before a large Democratic mass meeting, at Hartford, on the 25th ult:

"I say that the true policy of the United States is to pay the bond-holder exactly what we promised. This is the only way to relieve the laborer of his burdens; this is the only way to relieve the burdens of the country; to make it easier for the people to pay their taxes; to make it easier for them to gain a living. Do this, and prosperity will again return, your fields will again be fertile, your industry will flourish. The Republican party is opposed to this whole system. They are not in favor of paying off, but of funding the bonds. According to their plan, the funded debt would have forty years to run at four and a half per cent. interest—payable, both principal and interest, in gold; and the bonds shall not be subject to taxation, neither by the State nor by the Federal Government. Well, gentlemen, I object with gold, standing at 140—perhaps 145. If you convert those bonds into gold bonds now, you will add seven hundred millions of dollars to the amount of the debt; you make it impossible to pay the debt in five years. If it amounts to \$2,500,000,000, and you pay four per cent. only, it will amount to \$100,000,000 a year in gold for interest. If you pay this sum for forty years, you will, at the end of forty years, have paid \$4,000,000,000, and, at the end will still have the debt of \$2,500,000,000 besides. Forty years! Why, how many of you will live that time? How many, even of your children, will be alive at the end of forty years? Year by year you will have to go on paying this enormous amount. Year by year it will come out of the blood and bones, and toil and sweat of your children. Do you know what a national debt means? It means that the rich shall be richer and the poor poorer. It means that capital shall be exempted from taxation, and the laborer bear all the burden. It means, for those who labor for their daily bread, scant clothing, brown bread, and no meat. It means that capital shall pamper idleness in luxury, but that squalor shall preside over the cabins of the poor, and that his daily struggles for daily bread shall make his life a constant death. I see before me to-night many a young man, and I can see in his beaming eyes and intelligent face the hope that lies at the bottom of his heart. He is willing to labor on for a few years, and to hope that he will be able, then, to trade on the capital which his industry and frugality have saved. He has his day dream and his night dream. He sees a snug home, lighted up with the smile of love, and noisy with the prattle of infant tongues—made sacred by the presence of a wife and a mother—surrounded within and without by those rays of contentment which plenty and prosperity shed. Young men, are you willing to give up those cherished hopes of the future, and to consent, for all your lives, that taxation shall take from you all except what is necessary for your food and clothing? [Voices—'No, no, never!'] No, gentlemen, do not yield to this siren voice, that which persuades you to extend the debt and reduce the interest. Pay the debt and save the interest. That will answer your purpose. That will ensure your fortune. [Immense applause.] But, gentlemen, passing away from this subject of the material interests of the country, on which I have dwelt longer than I intended, let me again call your attention to this fact—that the great pole-star of the Democratic party is the Constitution of the United States. [Applause.] Do not, my fellow-citizens, in the heat of this arduous contest, do not forget the great lesson. The Republican party believe they can amend it; that they can change it, and make a better Constitution than our fathers made it in the days of old. ['Never, never,' and shouts of applause.] I charge it upon you, Democrats, who are here to-night, never to consent either to its abandonment or its degradation. Do not seek to amend it; do not seek to change it; do not seek to evade it. Obey it. [Immense applause.] It was good enough for your fathers. It is good enough for you. If you obey it, it will be good enough for your children for a hundred years to come. Study it, understand it. Carry it about with you, as a living presence, in all the daily walks of your daily life. Take it to your home; read it to your wife; teach it to your children; put it upon your family altar, that, when you bow your head in supplicating prayer, it may be there, next to the image of God himself. [Immense applause.] Do this, and, in His own good time, you will be able to raise it up to that place and power to which the brazen serpent, in the wilderness, was raised, in order that the plague might be stayed. Do this, and you will be able to rear it up to that high place of honor to which the Ark of the Covenant was reared, round which the unseen legions of the Almighty kept ward and guard, that he who touched it with impious hands should die. [Renewed applause.] Remember, fellow-citizens, that

the Constitution contains within itself all that is good in the experiences of the past, and all that is hopeful in the prospects of the future. It is the ark of safety, in the midst of the flood which is upon us. It may be tossed in the blackness of darkness upon the weary waters for many days, but it will rest upon the mountain top at last; the sun will shine; the dove will leave it never to return; and, now, as then, emblem of purity, liberty, and peace, she will seek to rebuild her habitations amidst the scenes of her former life. [Cheers.] I do not despair. I have hope in the aspirations of man. I have faith in the Providence of God. I know that the pathway of history is strewn with the wrecks of empires and peoples, and constitutions and Liberty; and it may be, in the providence of God, that this country of ours will follow in the wake of all the nations that have gone before. If it shall be so, let it not be owing to the faults or misfortunes of the Democratic party. [Great cheering.] If it must be so, let it be known, that it was the party of our love that stood to the last, with heroic virtue, to the principles of civil liberty. If it must be so, let us, my fellow-citizens, take consolation in the thought that, in the eternal circles of God, death is but the precursor of resurrection; and that the same principles which hasten nations to decay, contain, within themselves the spark of living fire which secure undying youth to our immortal race. [Great applause.]

"Time writes no wrinkles on its fair young brow: Such as Creation's dawn beheld, it sees thee now."

Amidst the wrecks of time, its progress is still onward and upward, higher and still higher.

"And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice falls like a falling star,  
Excelsior!"

"Higher, as the eagle when he takes his flight in the face of the sun. Higher, as the stars, when in their courses, they encircle the footstool of the immortal throne! Higher, as the soul of man when it puts aside this tenement of clay, and seeks, throughout all the ages, the home of its father and its God."

The concluding sentences of the peroration were greeted with enthusiastic cheering, and Mr. Pendleton took his seat amid prolonged applause.

## Gubernatorial Falsehood.

In a speech delivered at Indianapolis, on Wednesday, Governor Oglesby of Illinois, made an assertion in regard to the Southern delegates to the New York Convention which, as a specimen of falsehood and hardihood, is unmatched even among radical falsehoods. In the presence of a meeting said to have been the largest held in the West during the present canvass, he stated that out of the eighty-five delegates from the Southern States in the convention, eighty-four had been Rebels—the only exception being Joe Williams, a colored man from Tennessee.

This is a willful, conscious and deliberate misrepresentation. A large majority of the Southern delegates were Unionists. This was the case in the delegation from all, or nearly all the States. Tennessee, for example, had twenty delegates, and of these, fourteen were unblemished Union men. Further, Joe Williams was not a delegate.—Press and Herald.

## Southern Radicalism.

From the Augusta Constitutionalist.

That vile thing we know as "Southern Radicalism" has its best exponent in North Carolina, which is, of all the late satrapies, the most accursed in many particulars. In nearly every other so-called reconstructed State, some checks are put upon the expression of indecency which festers in the heart of Jacobinism; but in North Carolina, it seems to have come to a foul and ulcerous head. In order that this statement may be the more plainly understood, at the very threshold, we ask the attention of our people to the following loathsome extract credited to the Raleigh Standard, "Gov." Holden's organ, and the oracle of Radicalism in the Old North State. The editor of the nasty sheet, urging his party to make a vigorous canvass, says:

"But wherever else you work don't forget to work among the women. The Confederacy wouldn't have lasted a year if it hadn't been for them. One good rebel woman is worth a dozen rebel men. Go after the women, then. They will make their husbands and their lovers shout for Grant and Cefax until they are hoarse, if you will manage to replace some of the diamond rings and lace Frank Blair stole from them when he was here. And don't hesitate to throw your arms around their necks now and then, when their husbands are not around, and give them a good—! They will like it, and the Yankee you are the better for it. Our experience with female rebels is, that with all their sins they have a vast amount of human nature, and only want to have it appreciated to be the most loving creatures imaginable. Scallawags and carpet-baggers! don't fail, therefore, as you canvass the State, to look after the women. You are all good-looking and they know it, but with native modesty, like sweet New England girls, they like to be approached first. Don't be afraid of their eyes—they glare like young leopards by daylight, but under the moon no blue death-stricken fawn's half so tender or half so deep. Don't read Judge Pearson's letter to them, but give them Byron and Shelley in volumes, and you will have them in your arms, if not in your party, in less than a week."

We learn from the Raleigh Sentinel that it was with difficulty the author of this filthy libel escaped the swift vengeance of infuriated citizens; but that the libidinous wretch was spared for the

present, is proof of the forbearance of a long-enduring people, proof which effectually demolishes the pyramid of lies which hatred and corruption have propped up as a monument of Southern intolerance. Further evidence of our prudential meekness would be superfluous; for it is enough for the world to know that a misbegotten knave has published an insult to Southern ladies, in comparison with which Beast Butler's "Woman Order" is immaculate, and that the man who produced the hellish effusion is still alive through the clemency of Southern men, whose wives, mothers and daughters he dared asperse so wantonly.

"The English language affords not words of sufficient strength or depth adequate to manufacture epithets that would properly and justly describe the acme of devilishness and rascality which this scoundrel, dog and thief has reached. 'If it should be said that he first saw light in a brothel and was raised and educated in a hell, the assertion would vilely slander the lowest den of infamy the Five Points ever saw, and do the devil manifest injustice.'"

MAYNARD IN PENNSYLVANIA.—On the 23d instant, Hon. Horace Maynard made a great speech to an immense multitude in the city of Philadelphia. The Philadelphia papers speak in terms of highest commendation of the orator and his speech, which they publish entire.

[Knowless Whig.]  
Who ever heard of an "orator and his speech" being "published entire," before? The publication of the "orator" on this occasion must have made a handsome figure-head for the "Philadelphia papers." Probably that's what they were after. It takes a right hard face to run some of the Philadelphia papers.

An officer on a field day happened to be thrown from his horse, and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance "I thought I had improved in my riding, but find I have fallen off."

History repeats itself. For instance: Suwarow, when the streets of Warsaw were silent with the slaughter of her citizens, sends a dispatch to the empress:

"Order reigns in Warsaw!"

Napoleon III., after crushing the republic of France under his heel, says:

"L'Empire c'est la paix!"

Grant, after a fearful slaughter of American citizens, announces his intention to have "no policy" by—

"Let us have peace!"

A few days ago we announced the fact that Mr. John Poage, Jr., of Williamson county, had been arrested on a warrant from Governor Brownlow, charging him with the murder of S. A. Bierfield at Franklin a few weeks ago. Mr. Poage was brought before Judge John Hugh Smith yesterday on a writ of habeas corpus, and proving clearly *alibi*, he was discharged from custody. We do not know upon what testimony Governor Brownlow acted in this matter, but the facts show that it is a clear case of malicious arrest. Whether the Governor will wash his hands of this infamous proceeding against an innocent man remains to be seen.—Union and American.

Gentlemen of the South, the sooner you comprehend this fact the better for you. You do not like the looks of our carpet-bags! Would you like the looks of our knapsacks any better?

## [New York Independent.]

This is insolent bravado from a poltroon—Theodore Tilton, a bald-pated peaked-nosed, goggle-eyed, gold-spectacled, spindly-skinned little gutter-snipe who couldn't lift a musket, and wouldn't if he could. He is one of that class who hounded on brave men to fight, but a knapsack will never burden his recreant and cowardly shoulders.—Louisville Journal.

An Irishman catching a thief's hand in his pocket in the post-office the other day, knocked the rascal down, and began to trample on his carcass, as if he was dancing a Fardowner's jig.

"What's that for?" said a bystander. "Oh!" said Pat, "it's small change the fellow wanted, and faith I'm after giving him a few post-office stamps!"

During a recent hailstorm in Michigan, an old lady was amazed at the descent, as from the sky, of several hard-boiled eggs. It appears that her rascally grandson, an imp of eleven years, threw them from the garret-window to absorb the old lady's attention and set her gossiping with the neighbors, so that he might have a chance to rob her drawers of the money which he knew to be stored away in odd corners thereof.

GENERAL ELLISON CAPERS.—On Sunday morning last the Right Rev. Thomas F. Davis, Bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina, ordained as a minister Rev. Ellison Capers, late a Brigadier General in the Confederate army, and conferred upon him full ministerial and pastoral functions of the Episcopal Church.

[Charleston Daily News.]